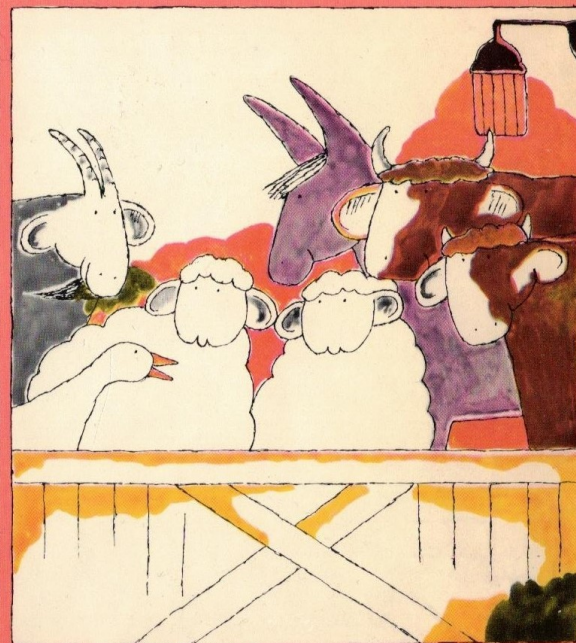


CHICKEN AT THE WINDOW

by Karen Ann Weinhaus



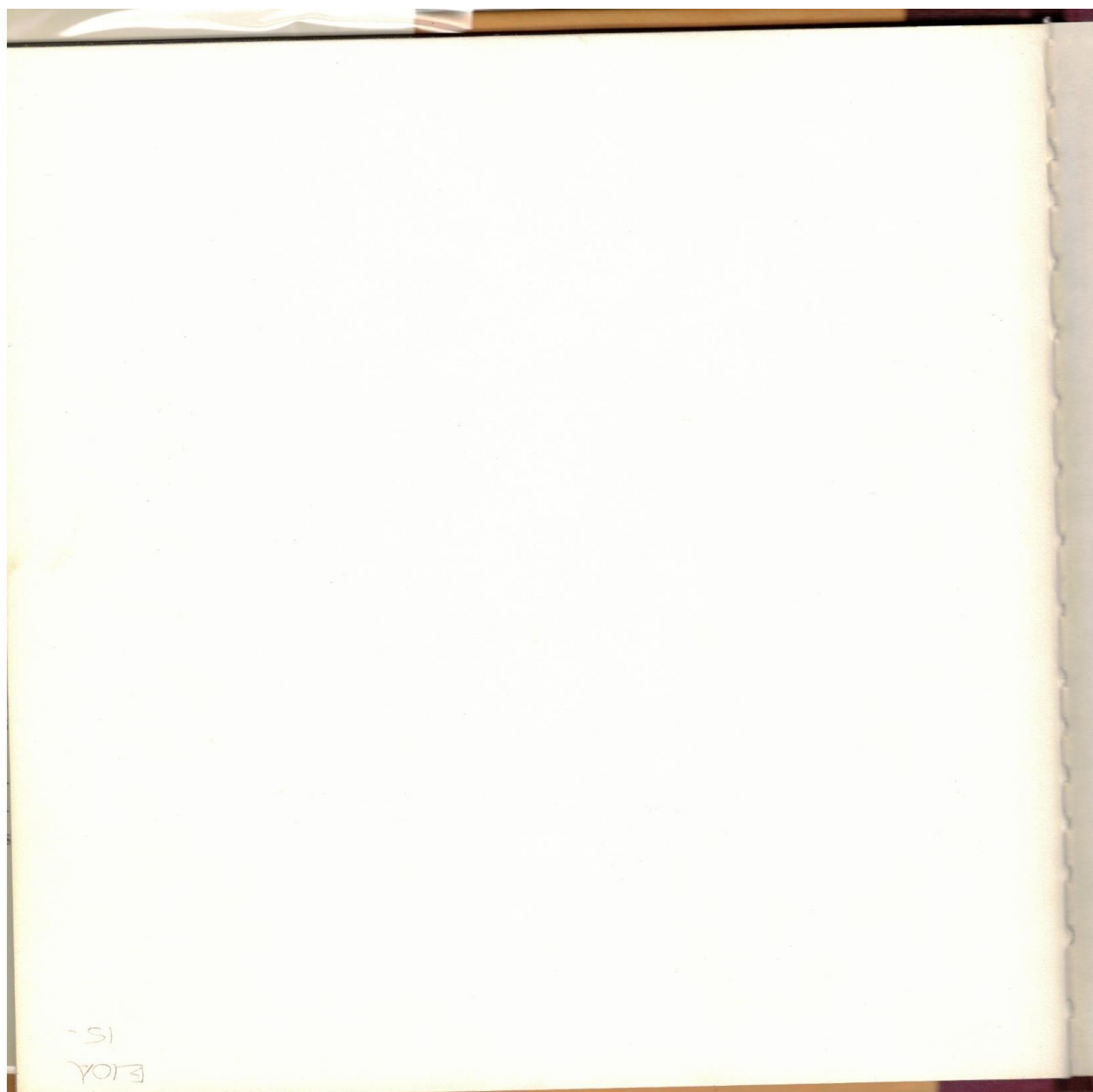
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Ages 4-8



Papa Dunbee is so absentminded he doesn't even notice when he has his overshoes on. Small wonder that the thought of Mama Dunbee's raspberry pie makes him forget all about going to town to buy her a mop. Small wonder that when things begin thumping into the side of the farmhouse and plopping onto the roof, Papa Dunbee is sure something monstrous has come to take his pie away.

Papa Dunbee's confusion and the determination of his neighbor's animals to get the sun to shine make for a refreshingly hilarious story. Sprightly pictures by the author.

Harper & Row, Publishers





CHICKEN
AT THE
WINDOW



CHICKEN AT THE WINDOW

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
Karen Ann Weinhaus

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Chicken at the Window

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SUMMARY: An absent-minded farmer fears for his raspberry pie when the animals noisily try to put an end to the rainy weather.

[1. Rain and rainfall—Fiction. 2. Humorous stories]

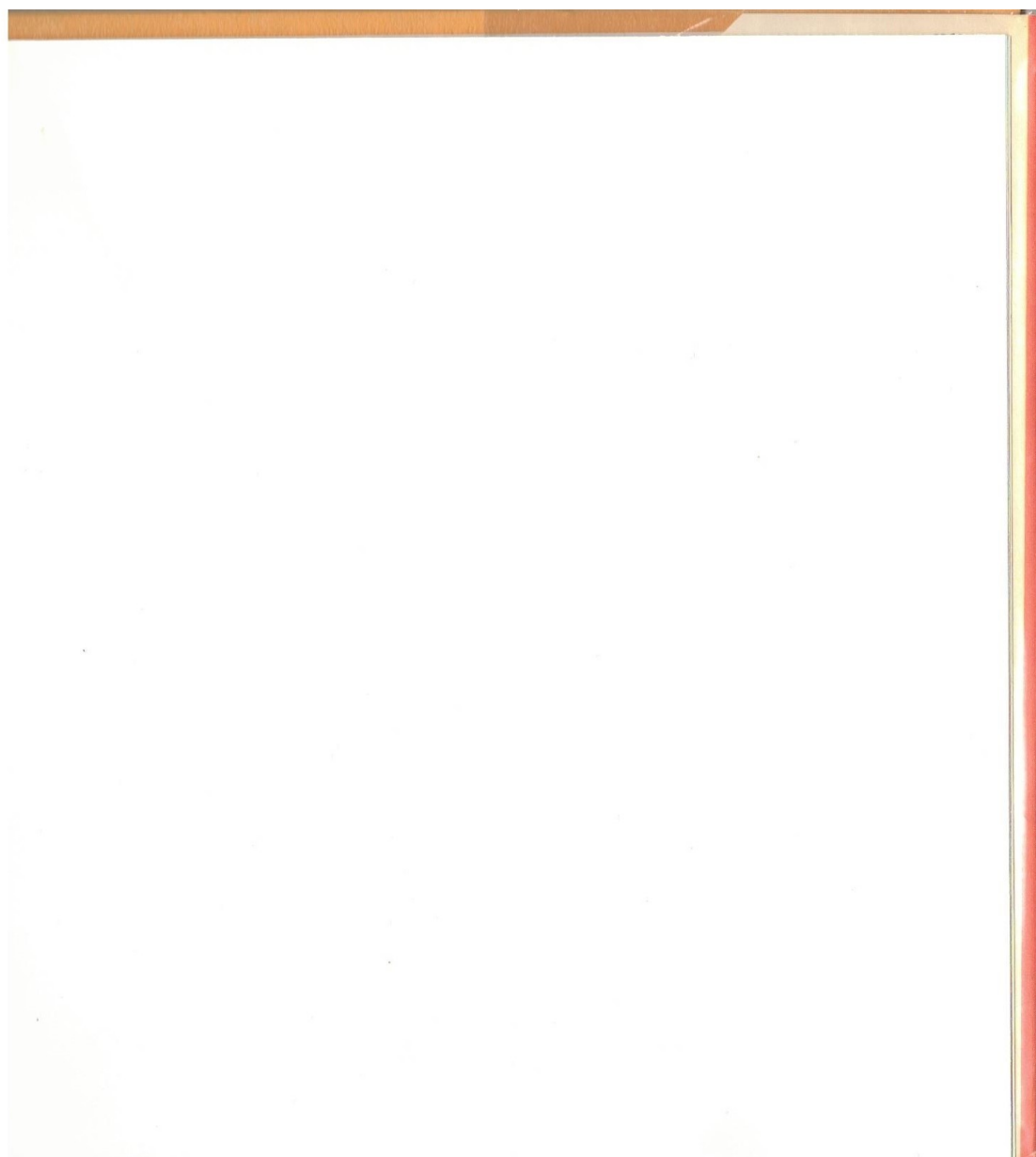
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For Rick





"Papa, I want you to go to town and buy me a new mop,"
said Mama Dunbee.

"In the rain, Mama?" asked Papa Dunbee.

"Yes, Papa, in the rain."

"Okay, as soon as I find my overshoes."

"You're wearing your overshoes, Papa."

"Oh!" said Papa Dunbee, and off he went.

Mama Dunbee called out after him, "Don't forget the mop."



Not far away lived Farmer Basil and the animals—
Samantha the goose, Eatwell the goat, Bon Bon and Tulip the lambs,
and Mr. Donkey. Lorenzo the bull and Myrtis the cow used to live
with Papa Dunbee, but that was a long time ago.



Farmer Basil saw Papa Dunbee sloshing down the road.

"Hello, Papa Dunbee."

"Hello. I'm going to town to buy Mama Dunbee a new mop."

"As long as you're going to town, would you bring me back
a sack of flour?"

"I will," said Papa Dunbee, and off he went.



"I'm usually an even-tempered goose, Mr. Donkey," said Samantha. "I like my bath, I like my nap, and I like my sun. What I don't like is all this rain."

"It is my considered opinion that the sun is stuck behind that hill," replied the donkey.

"If we could get closer to the sun," said Samantha, "we could call to it."



Papa Dunbee wondered how he could remember to buy a sack of flour for Farmer Basil. He decided to think of all the good things which are made from flour—bread, buns, biscuits, cookies, cakes, and pies. “Hmmm . . . pie,” he said to himself, “Mama Dunbee makes the best raspberry pie!”

Papa Dunbee forgot about buying a mop. He forgot about the sack of flour for Farmer Basil. He forgot about everything except Mama Dunbee’s raspberry pie. “Yes, sir, raspberry pie . . .” he thought, and he hurried home.



"We must get up that hill," said Samantha.

"But Samantha," said Lorenzo, "this is Papa Dunbee's place."

"Oh, my," said Myrtis. "We better not go up. Remember, Papa Dunbee sold us. Perhaps he didn't like us."

"Ah, it's okay," said Lorenzo, "Papa Dunbee's not home. I saw him on his way to town."



"I'm home, Mama," called Papa Dunbee.

"What, Papa? So soon? Where is my mop?"

But Papa Dunbee had no need for mops. "Mama, did you by any chance bake me a raspberry pie?" he asked.

"I did, Papa, it's in the oven right now."

"Oh, Mama, you make the best raspberry pie."

When Mama Dunbee heard this, she too forgot about the mop, for she loved nothing more than to hear her cooking praised.

"The pie will be ready in twenty minutes."

"Wonderful," said Papa Dunbee, and he sat down to wait.



"Now," said Mr. Donkey, "if we want the sun to hear us,
we have to call together. I'll bray, and Samantha, you honk."
"I'll moo," said Myrtis.



"We'll bleat," chimed Bon Bon and Tulip.
"I'll gladly ninny," said Eatwell.
"And I'll bellow," thundered Lorenzo.

Inside the farmhouse sat Papa Dunbee waiting for his pie.
"How many more minutes, Mama?" he asked.

"None, Papa, it's ready now." She cut a large piece
for Papa Dunbee, and an even larger piece for herself.
Papa Dunbee was bringing the first forkful to his mouth
when they heard the most terrifying noise.

AARROUWOOAEHOOO . . .

"Quick, Mama," cried Papa Dunbee, "under the bed."

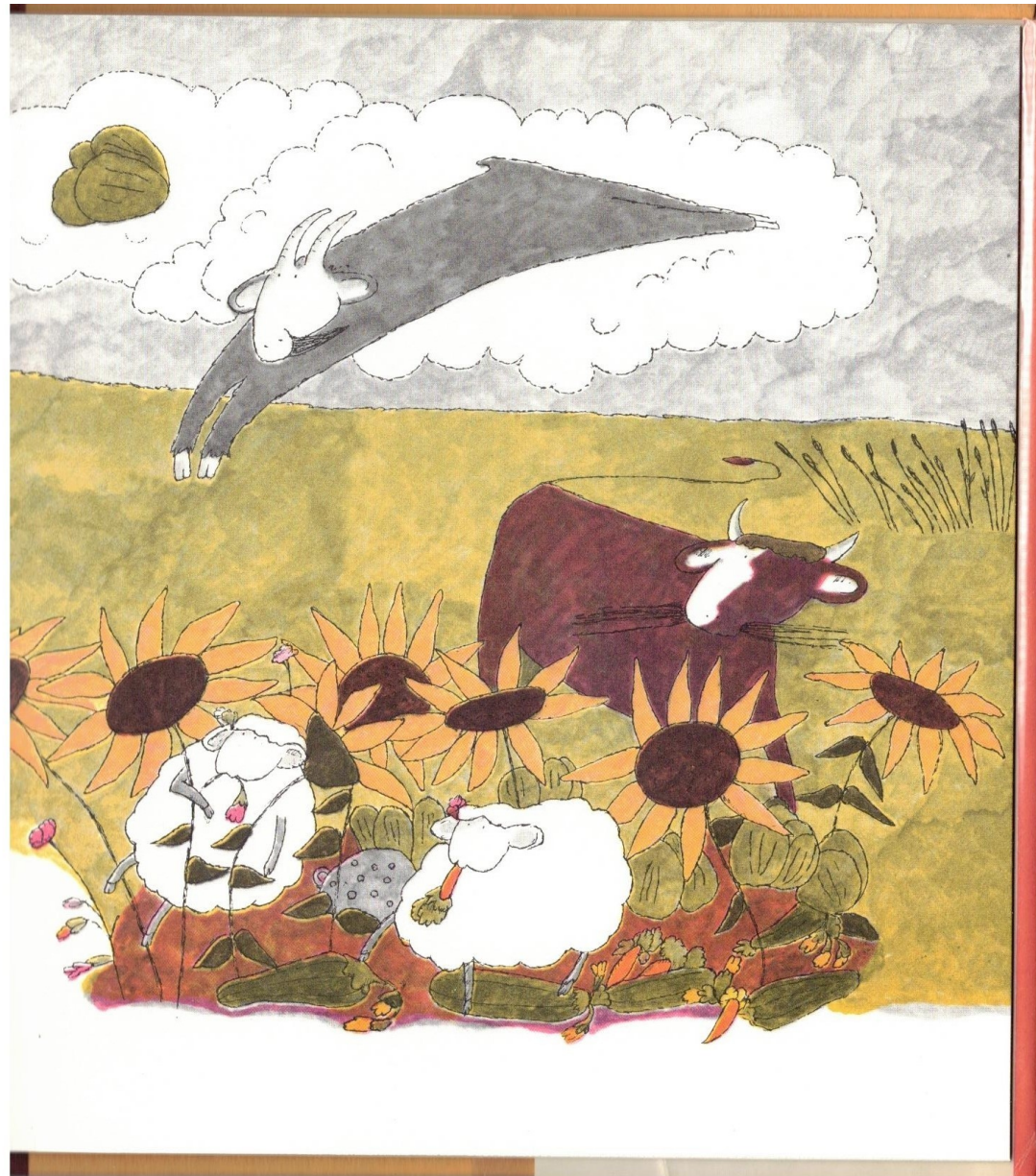




"The sun needs more help," said Samantha.

"It does indeed," cried Mr. Donkey. "Mr. Goat, start butting."

Eatwell spotted a nice firm cabbage. He lowered his head, leaped forward, and butted. The cabbage flew over the animals' heads and whacked into the farmhouse, THUMP.





"Mama, it's at the door! It's going to knock down the door
and *eat* my pie!"



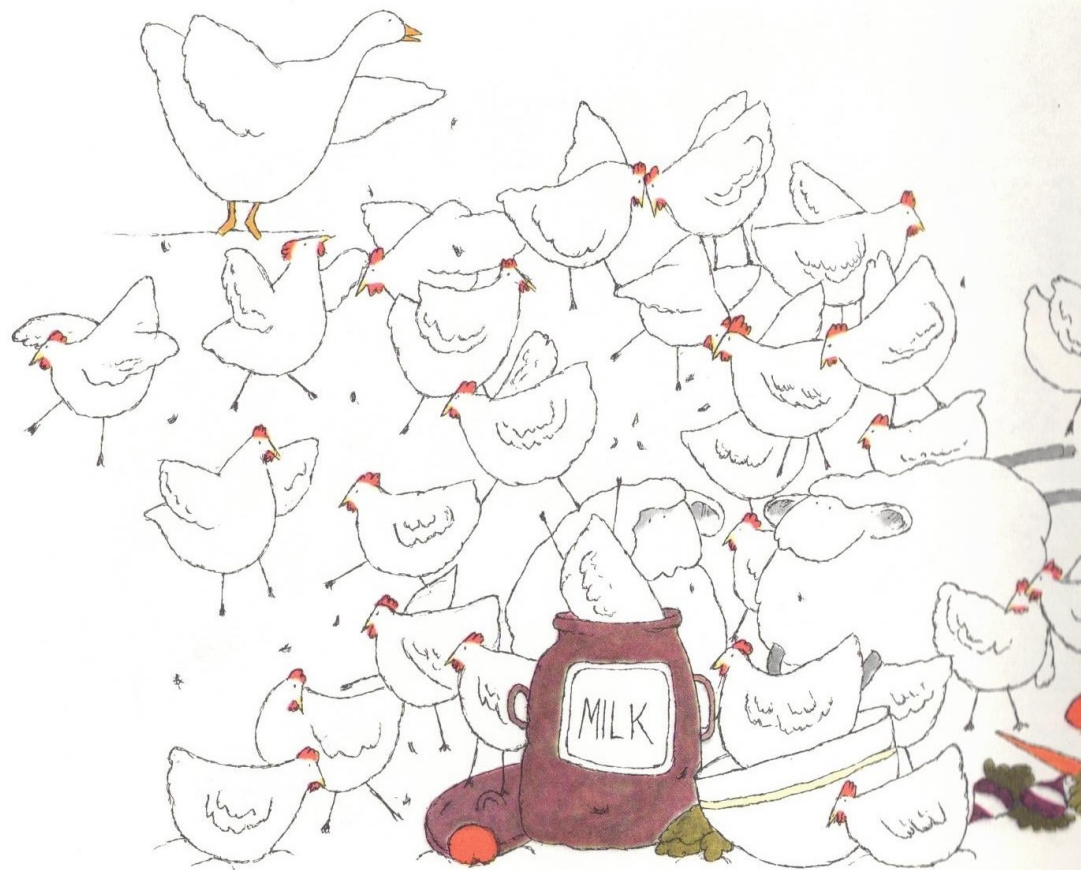
Samantha flew to the top of the chicken coop and started flapping her wings. "I'm trying..." she panted, "I'm trying to get a wind going to blow these clouds away."



"Let me help," thundered Lorenzo. Proudly he walked over to the apple tree nearest the farmhouse. "Now you're going to see some wind." Lorenzo snorted and started shaking the tree with his horns. The tree began swaying back and forth. One apple after another came flying off the tree, pounding on the farmhouse roof. PLOP, PLOP, PLOP, PLOP.



"Mama, it's on the roof. Quick, hide the pie!"
"Not me, Papa. You go hide it yourself."
Papa Dunbee did not budge an inch.



"I can't keep this up much longer," said Samantha.
Bon Bon and Tulip pushed the latch of the chicken coop with their
noses. The door swung open.
CHICKENS WERE EVERYWHERE!





"Why Papa, there is a chicken at the window," said Mama Dunbee.
"A chicken?" said Papa Dunbee. "Why I'm not afraid of a *chicken*."
He opened the door and went outside.



"Mama, we were so foolish. It was nothing, only the animals."

"What do you mean only the animals, Papa? You mean *chickens*."

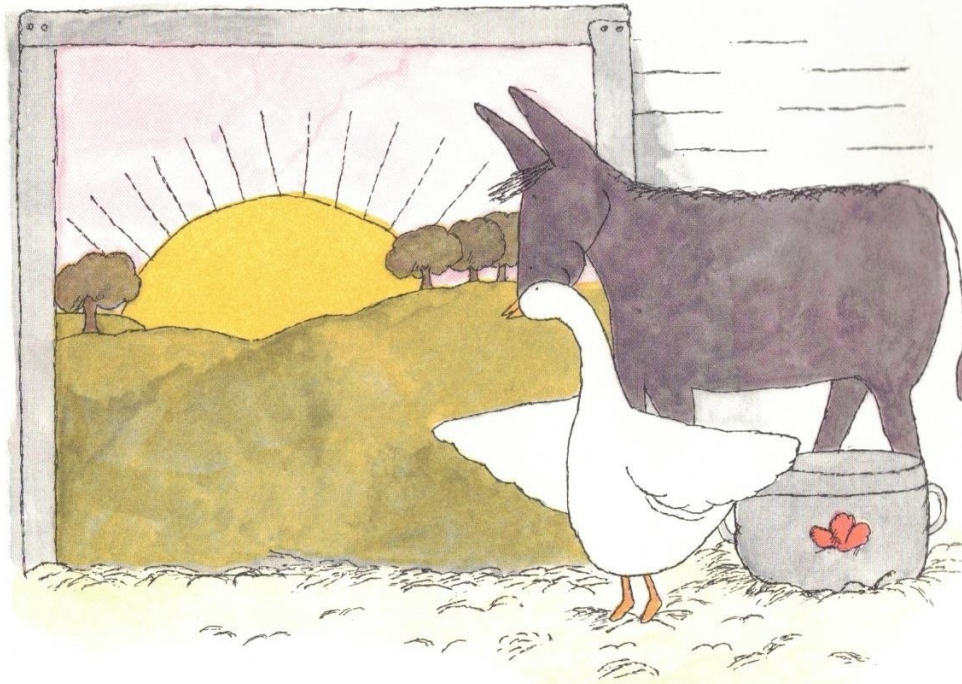
"No, Mama, animals. You know, the cow, the bull, the goat, the donkey, the lambs, and the goose."

"Papa, we sold the cow and the bull years ago. Our goat died, the donkey ran off, and lambs and a goose we never had. What do you mean *animals*?" She ran to the door.

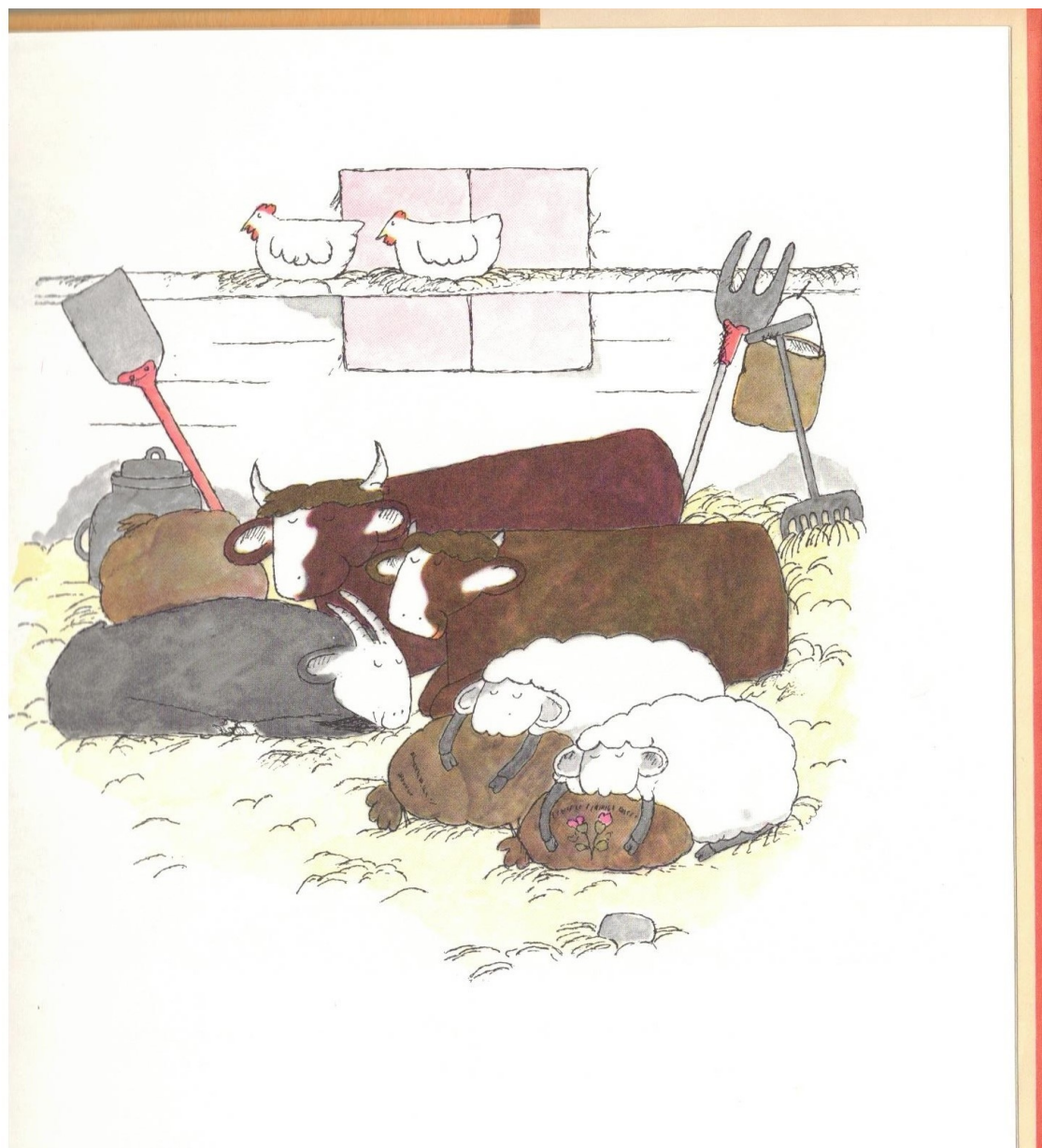
But by now the animals were out of sight and on their way back to Farmer Basil's. Papa and Mama Dunbee stood there scratching their heads for a long time. Then Papa Dunbee remembered the pic.

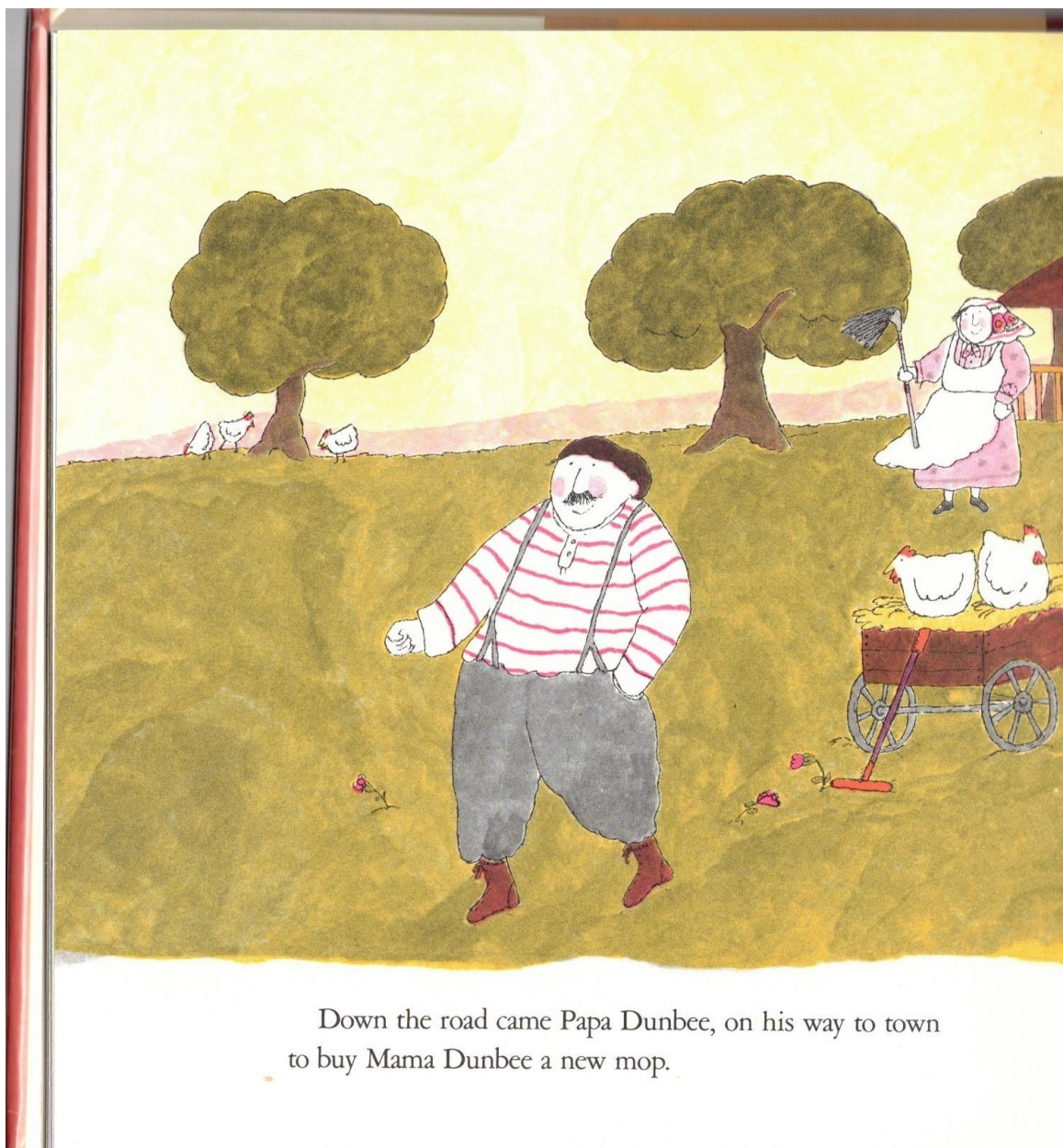
They sat down and ate it all, and then they went to bed.



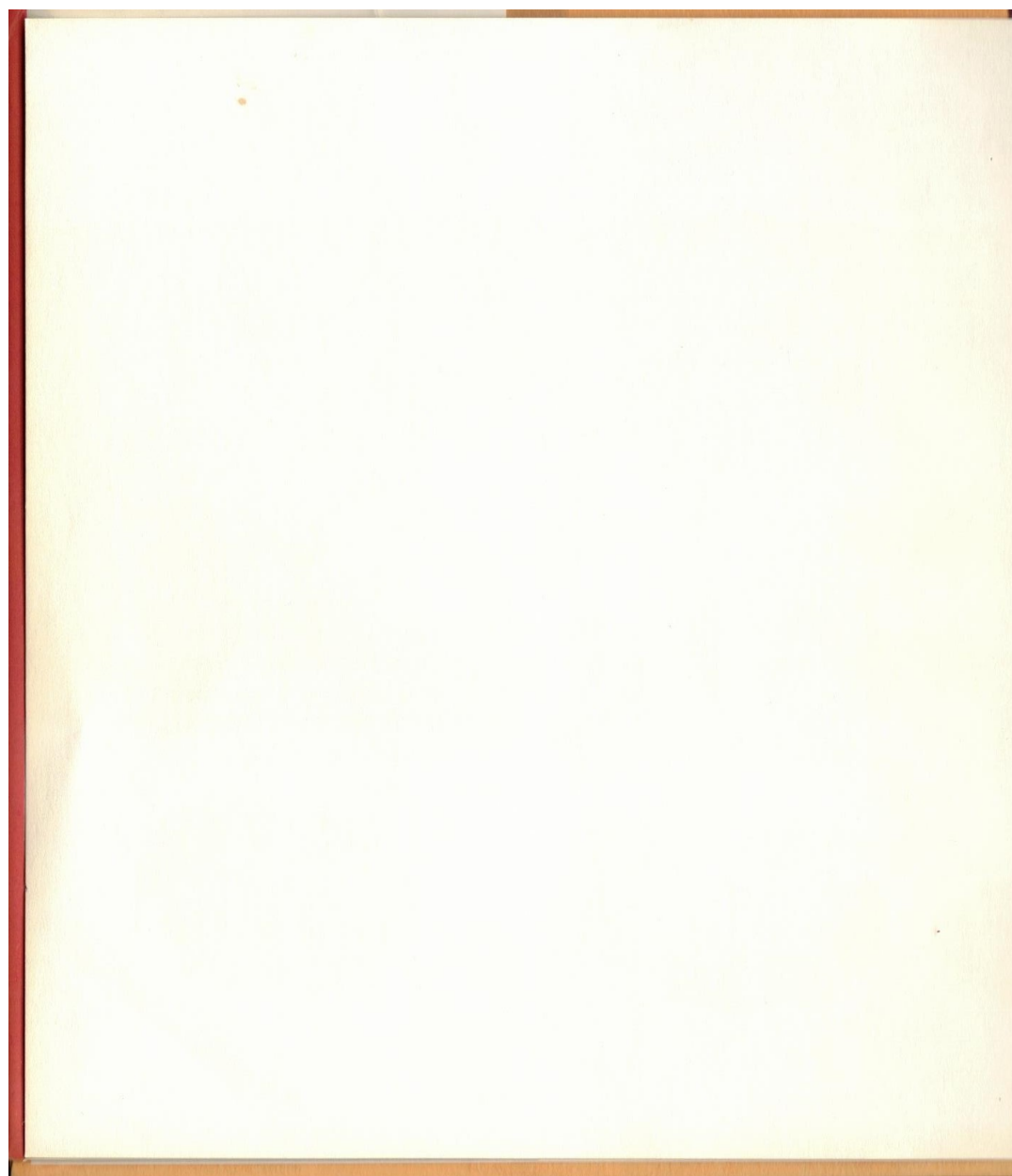


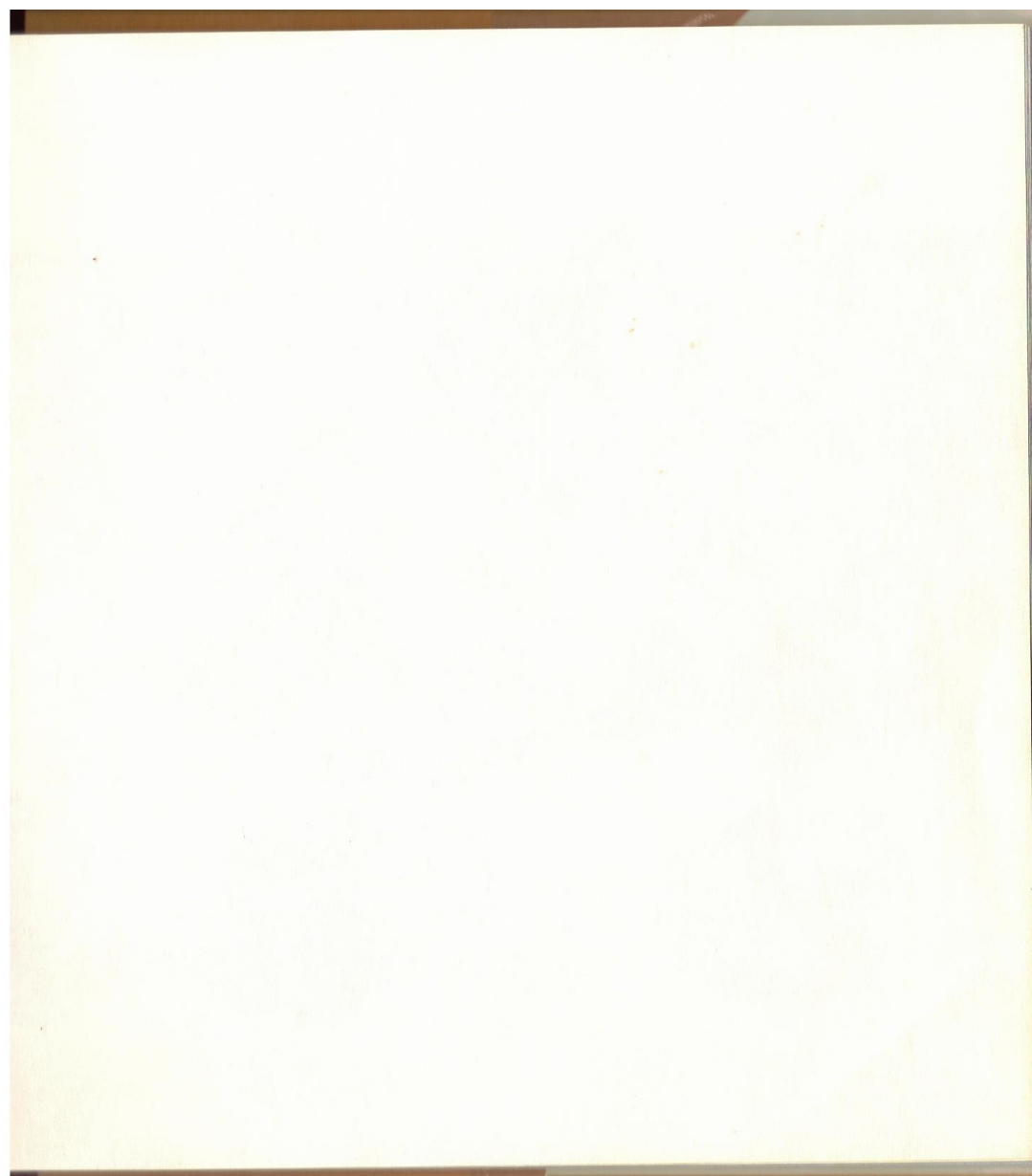
In the morning Samantha felt the warmth of the sun cover her. She yawned, stretched her wings, and gently nudged Mr. Donkey. "We did it, Mr. Donkey!"





Down the road came Papa Dunbee, on his way to town
to buy Mama Dunbee a new mop.







Begins Press

KAREN ANN WEINHAUS was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, and now lives with her husband in Boston.

She earned a B.F.A. from the Boston Museum School and Tufts University and worked as a children's book designer in New York City for several years.

This book is the first she has both written and illustrated.

Two other books illustrated by Karen Ann Weinhaus

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—*Kirkus Reviews*

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